

Leda

by

Wayne Scott Ray



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HMS Press:

**Electronic Books In Print / Books On Disk BOD
ADP & Canadian Poetry Association
London Ontario Chapter**

literarynewscpa@yahoo.ca

ISBN 1-55253-041-8

Dedicated to Linda (Ham) Joy on the occasion of her Birthday in the Year 2000.
May the golden thread of love weave its way through your life once again.

There is only one true white swan in Stratford:

for Leda

Ocean Fury

More than one ocean fury
has this saline tide boiled,
slammed foamed sea and ships
against the coastal red sandstone.

Just beneath the emerald surface
where no winds care to blow
and the azure sky fails to penetrate
the furied foam, lies a stillness.

In this sharks domain, liquid life
between heaven and earth, stalactites
filter out the furies howl and hate,
inside this deep protective cave.

Gaia, Earth Mother, Woman asleep as rock
where ocean tide raises up your skin,
flesh of Poseidon carried in on fury foam
caressing the world you hold so dear.

Your darkness now enlightened, living,
moulded rock and salty skin unite
and soften the cracks and crevasses,
melt and reform the crystal cave, become one.

The ocean tide recedes and quiet reigns
just beneath the emerald surface.
Gaia sleeps, refreshed, reunited again
where only the Gods dare tread.

Where Are You My Love?

Where are you my love, lost in laughter?
The world around you holds its breath,
blue flowers wait to bloom,
the sun hesitates to set unless it too,
has your smile.
Water bursts forth from its fountain
and rainbows reflect your face
in the distance, down the long road from here,
and we know it's you.
Do not feed me bread nor white wine.
Clothe me not nor sandal my feet
on this pebbled road where
my skin might bleed in joy.
I hear your smile, see your laughter.
The day can never end, love,
unless your lips open in hearts voice,
arms outstretched, your hands orchestrate
the birds song, the flowers finally bloom
and the sun sets at your command.
Your laughter ends each day of my life, love,
and wakes the dawn forever,
but today the world stands still
because we know not where you are, love?

Where are you my love?
Lost in laughter somewhere?

Joy

On the street in front of my house
runs a sidewalk made of clay.
In the hot summer weather
the clay bakes hard and dry.

I sat on the porch surrounded by memories
watching the world pass me by
thinking about the long road home.

You were off in the distance, barefoot
as the sun broke free from the clouds.
I watched you walk towards me
and stop in front of my house.

Something I said made you cry,
not a sadness nor a shadowed cry,
but a phrase that made you wonder why
you had never before passed this way by.

You smiled as the tears met the clay
and from the soft earth, formed a stone
with your tender caring hands,
as your heart carved out a name, Joy.

River Avon

Come and sit on this bench beside me
in the park along the river Avon
and tell me why we are here
leaning against the rose trellis
counting out the days as the Fall slips in.

What are we supposed to do when it rains
and the earth soaks up the pitter patter
as it falls from the sky beside the river
where the roses have lost their satin sheen.

Come and sit on this bench beside me
in the park along the river Avon
and I shall tell you why we are here
leaning against the rose trellis
as Fall slips in around the stones and the swans.

Friendship should be floating through a dark blue sky,
love more than daily words on folded paper
and happiness a violin playing songs
by Leonard Cohen.

Out here along the river Avon, beside this bench
the last rose bud decides tomorrow to burst forth
remaining closed in our shadow, thinking it is night.

Sunday Evening : Alone

We'll have poetry my love
but tonight, there is only quiet.
My heart that wanted singing
is of a great sadness ringing.

We'll have a dance my love,
but tonight, there is only quiet.
My arms that wanted hugging
have now only shoulders shrugging.

We'll have a song my love
but tonight, there is only quiet.
All the birds have a silent longing
and I too have a silent songing.

Poetry, dance, and song my love
but there is only quiet, tonight my love.
I long for just a simple thing, my love,
poetry, dance, song and thee, my love

The Swans

The wine bottle she held between her legs, a green glass phallus more erect than even he could muster on a good day. She held her half filled glass and toasted to his presence in the park near the Avon Theater. At this angle, the slope of the land underneath the picnic table made the river appear to flow in one ear and out the other, in the distance behind her. The end of the summer sun pushed away the shade of the apple trees nearby.

She had spread out her black silk shawl on the table top, arranged the plate of pate, cheese and crackers next to the wicker basket as the constant light breezes kept the leaves and grass moving. She had an inner "I know this wine well" look as she pulled the bottle from the basket, poured two glasses and wedged the bottle between her thighs to hide prying eyes. From his angle, opposite her, he saw this erect corked thing bobbing back and forth as she talked.

She smiled and sipped her wine, both mouths smiled. "What else did you bring me?" She loved things, her house was full of things, stuff, collectibles, knickknacks, junk. Masks lined her kitchen wall, photos lined her living room wall and family ones crowded the piano, flowers and dried leaves and fruits were everywhere. Her eyes sparkled as she spoke and her hand that was wrapped around the neck of the wine bottle, reached forward and took his hand in hers.

"Well, I brought you something that is a gift, yet not a gift, it's both yours and mine and no ones and every ones." Music began to creep across the river and into their heads as he spoke. He finished his glass of wine and she pulled the warmed bottle from outside her womb-hearth to fill his glass and hers again. He reached into his left pocket and pulled out his hand, clenched around an object she knew was there.

"Well, I like surprises." She got up, put the bottle back in the wicker basket, placed cheese on a cracker and moved over to his side of the picnic table. She sat close to him, crossed one leg over the other and clenched the grass with the toes of her other bare foot.

"Then I have a surprise for the back of your neck." He rubbed the nape with his strong right free hand and she closed her eyes. "I want to tell your neck something," she smiled, "You know the game you played as kids where you close your eyes and someone tells you to fall backwards and they will catch you? Well you either trusted them or you fell flat on your ass." She laughed and reached over and kissed him softly as he massaged her skin. "Fall back in your mind and I will catch you, always. Here is my other gift for you." He opened the palm of her hand and as he was about to place the gift there, they both noticed all the tourists and local path walkers were staring at them. Two dozen swans had walked silently over and gathered in a circle around their table. He dropped a stone into her upturned palm and on the stone was carved the word, JOY.

GASPING FOR AIR

If I held you close,
placed my hands around
your cloudy day hair
and pulled your face
into my chest so that as you
held your breath
and opened your bright eyes,
you would gaze upon a map.

In the upper corner
would be an image of you
standing naked on a pedestal
and all the roads on my
map of the human heart would
lead directly to you.

At this moment when we are one
in my embrace, you have the right
to take this image from
my heart wall or leave it there.
Either way, the memory of your
beauty remains and you pull back
from my flesh and hair, gasping for air.

Affirmation

If you believe in yourself.

If you know that I believe in you.

If you know that your friends believe in you.

If you believe in the fate that told you to write the book

If you believe now is the time to share and spill forth
the flowers from your brain.

If you believe your children will support your efforts.

If you know that I love you and support you

If you believe the Serpents Tail and that not
all men are mean.

If you believe you have finished stomping and crying and can now center yourself
and focus on the truth to be shared.

If you believe you are the chosen one . . .

Then write this book, my love! Let words pour forth from your fingers onto paper;
take the two or three months of your life and write, write! Know that when I am not
there with you I am still beside you, rubbing your sore neck & fingers and whispering
inspiration and affirmations

in your ear to make you happy again, to play with the swans. Oh my love, you were so
charged with energy, telling me of this woman's idea for your book that you will have
no peace until you start and eventually
finish the project.

Be one with God for She smiles on you and soon be one with me as I grow
stronger and bolder and free from my albatross. I share my Muse with you as I share
"Joy".

When You Go

Did you know that when you go,
when you leave me, depart from me,
board the bus without me, catch a plane,
walk down the sidewalk after I've gone,
close the door, say goodnight, good bye,
drive away in your car along life's highway ...

You are still there beside me.

What Pain, Heartache

What pain, heartache
that keeps you in my thoughts
after you have said goodbye.

What is this thing called Love
to be so one sided, or, not listening,
been two sided all along.

Where was I not listening but
staring into your heart looking
to find myself, already there.

Oh my sweet Joy, do we have to let go
the mind that binds my love to yours,
for yours let go long ago, and not.

But every time I see you, kiss
your sweet lips and touch your skin,
I melt back into my comfort zone
and you begin to let down your defences
accept some of my faults and dream of me.

Dancing

We never did go dancing
where glaciers melt and
angels lightly tread,
where eagle wings separate
clouds from the rising sun.

We never did go dancing
where magnolias stain the air
and lakes are crystal clear,
where a babies feather breath
touches on human skin.

If we had gone dancing,
we would have missed the silence
between us and the first laughter in our smiles.

I have a secret life

When I arise and dress in this
holy place near the Avon River,
I wonder why the past has clasped
your wrists and bound you to this place?

Goddess, Gaia, you are light
in this temple where you sleep
arms folded across your gentle heart.

At your feet I remain your servant,
yet hold the key to your salvation.
In a dream you see the answer questioned
as I rise from this place where you sleep.

That breeze you feel upon your cheek
my friend, is I, the sound of one hand clapping.

Part of me

Which part of you wants to stay?
is it sins soft lips
or where my hand shall lay,
is it deep inside your freckled breast
or a beating heart that
has known no rest,
is it in your eyes
or between your thighs?
Which part of you wants to stay?

My feeling is,
and it shall be this,
that moment just before
and just after a kiss.

Flower Children

Flowers burst forth from her brain.
Petals manifest themselves
at the nape of her moonlight neck
where her hair hangs on celestial worlds.
Orchids peer out from armpits, smooth
and pale like Delft hyacinths and from
her mouth laughter known to no one
but the morning sun as it beats down,
drying the mist at her naked feet.

Flowers burst forth from her brain.
Magnolia blossoms are round as her breasts
and scented to take the breath away
from the flower children beside her.
Trickle of Poseidon out her navel,
run down her wanting belly onto her
poinsettia petal thighs. She dreams
of love and searches for Gaia, oh
Earth Mother, priestess, angel of my youth,
enter my soul, fill me with your light.